FACTION DISPLAY'D.

A POEM.

Sed non Authore Furoris
Sublatæ celidis Furiet ——— Lucan.

Nec sit Poema satis factisque confertum,
Sit potius Moratum, & Nervosum. Scal.

From a Correct COPY.

LONDON: Printed in the YEAR 1704.

TO

The Concealed

AUTHOR of this Excellent

POEM.

WHen *Dryden's* Tuneful Celebrated Muſe
Did God-like *David* for her Subject Chooſe,
She ſoar'd above her known and common Height,
To Heav'n ſhe rais'd her Voice, to Heav'n ſhe took her Flight
Such is your Muſe's Subject, ſuch her Tongue,
Witneſs this Polish'd and Melodious Song:
Where the ſame Majeſty of Verſe,
The ſame juſt ſtile, the ſame deep ſenſe appears.
No Jeſts nor Puns deform the ſtudied page,
But all his Manly Thought and Noble Rage;
But all along the mighty Genius ſhines,
Informs and Animates the ſacred Lines.
Not Heav'nly *Horace*, more correctly writ,
Tho' to refine his Senſe united met,
The Critick's Judgement, and the Poet's Wit.

C. D.

To the Unknown AUTHOR of the Imcomparable POEM FACTION DISPLAY'D.

O Matchless Genius! Whose Exalted Lays
Transcend my humble and unequal Praise.
Not fam'd *Apelles* Pencil could express
The Beauteous Heav'n of *Cytherea's* Face:
Nor any Art your Muse's Image draw,
Who what she is, like Light, her self can only show.

Let other Poets, in untuneful Verse,
Or *Delia's*, or *Lardella's* Charms rehearse;
Let Songs and Sonnets be their humble Choice;
Let them conform their Subjects to their Voice.
But your refin'd, your more extended Thought
(With Judgment, Wit, Experience, Learning fraught)
Pursues a Loftier Theam, a Nobler Height,
And fathoms all the Secrets of the State;
Displays the *Wily Arts* of Human-Kind,
How *Faction sowrs the Blood, and gnaws upon the Mind.*

Strong and Majestick does your Stile appear;
Your Notions weighty, your Reflections clear.
With nicest Art, you turn each Polish'd Line,
To make your darling *Celsus* in full Lustre shine.
But oh! In what a moving Strain you Mourn
O're the belov'd *Marcellus* sacred Urn,
Mingling the sweetest Joy with the severest Grief,
Like the fam'd Spear, at once you Wound, at once Relieve.

'Twas Harmony (as Learned Antients thought)
The *Natural World* to *Form* and *Order* brought;
And may your Heav'nly ever Tuneful Lays,
(Make all our Factions, our Divisions ceale)
Charm and Compose the *Moral World* to peace.

H. B.

TO THE READER.

THIS the Criticks objection to Lucan, that his Poem is too Historical; but it must be said in his Defence, that tho' for that reason he may perhaps delight less, yet he certainly Instructs more, which is the better End of Poetry. We have a more distinct Idea of the Characters of Cæsar, Pompey, Cato, and Brutus, in him, than we have of Augustus (under the Person of Æneas) in Virgil. We have Truth and Nakedness in one, Fiction and Embellishment in the other. The same Fault (I beg Pardon for the Allusion) will probably be found with this Paper of Verses: But I have this to say for my self, that tho I may fall as far short of some of the Whig Writers in Poetry as Lucan does of Virgil, yet I have outdone them as much in sincerity. For I have not form'd an imaginary Poetical Design, but described a real one: Such a one as is now actually carrying on by the restless and turbulent Spirits of some Men, even in the very place where I have laid the Scene.

If then what I have said be true, and the Sense of the honest Part of the Kingdom, the Reader cannot think any Liberty I have taken, Reflecting or Scandalous; for Truth is never so, tho' it may be sometimes unseasonable, but he must own that I have acquitted the Duty of a good Subject, in endeavouring to last open the Faults of our Constitution. A Constitution whose Government is Projected upon a more refined Policy, and experienced Wisdom, than any in the World. Other Countries labour under the Bondage of Arbitrary Princes, or more Arbitrary Commonwealths. But here the Prerogative of the King, and the Liberty of the Subject are a mutual Barrier to each other, and 'tis not the Fault of our Constitution, that we are not the Envy as well as the Terror of our Neighbour Nations. But Faction is of the growth of our Soil: And what some Philosophers have affirmed of the Frame of the Universe that it subsists by the constant Warring of the Elements, That there is a perpetual Warfare in Nature, may properly be said of the present State of England: For it is Compounded of so many obstinate Sects and Inveterate Parties, that they are no more to be Reconciled then the differing Principles in Nature, and are like to continue their Disputes too to the End of the World.

Nothing contributes more to the Fomenting these Civil Embroilments, than a Sett of Mercenary Writers, who like Swiss-Soldiers, are always ready to fight on the Side that pays best. And as none has labour'd more, so none is more Scandalous, than a certain Doctor, who after having Scribbled himself, and that simple Wretch his Son, into Preferment, has lately appear'd in his proper colours, and unsuccessfully urg'd with so much Vehemence and pretended zeal for his Countrie's good, Treasons [illegible] even an Abomination to him, and one would hardly have thought that Tom Double had been his own Character; but we now plainly see what his Aim was. This Cerberus resolved to continue, barking till his Mouth was stopped with some Delicious Morsel, which has at last happily tempor'd his Fury into Peace and Moderation. We are [illegible] when such Men as these pretend to give us Schemes of Morality and Government, when they undertake to direct our Principles, and guide our Consciences. Sure he has a very contemptible Opinion of Mankind, or a very great one of himself, to imagine, that because he was Read with Pleasure, when he fell in with the Peoples just Resentments of the Proceedings of a devouring Ministry, that he can therefore impose his own scuffling, inconsistent, unintelligible Politicks upon them. What was reason and Justice then, will be so still in spight of all the Poor arguments he can bring to the contrary, and if he had had the least degree of Modesty, he would either have pursued his former Notions, or have been silent.

But such a Cause could expect no better an Advocate, and those who employed him to propose and recommend their trimming Measures (which always proceed from Cowardize, or Self interest) have the Mortification to see him retreat and lose that Contempt he deserves from all Parties.

I wish the Promoters of this new Doctrine of Moderation have not already put it out of their Power to Crush the Faction, which they have hitherto so imprudently Cherished, and which at last (if I have not Displayed it in very false Colours) will certainly tear and Destroy the Government.

FACTION

DISPLAY'D.

SAY, Goddess Muse, for thy All-searching Eyes
Can Traytors trace thro' ev'ry dark Disguise,
Can penetrate Intriguing Statesmen's Hearts,
Their deepest Plots, and all their wily Arts.
Say, how a Fierce *Cabal* Combin'd of late,
Imploy their anxious Thoughts t' embroil the State;
What angry Pow'r inspires 'em to Complain
In *Anna*'s Gentle and Propitious Reign.

FACTION, a restless and repining Fiend,
Crudles their Blood, and gnaws upon their Mind.
Off-spring of *Chaos*, Enemy to *Form*,
By whose destructive Arts the World is torn.
She taught the Giants to attempt the Sky,
And *Jove's* avenging Thunder to defy.
She rais'd the hand that struck the Fatal Blow,
Which *Martyr'd Jove's* Vicegerent here below;
She still pursues him with relentless Hate,
Arraigns his Mem'ry, and Insults his Fate.

'Tis She, that wou'd, for ev'ry ſlight Offence,
Depoſe a True Hereditary Prince;
That would *Uſurpers* for their Treaſon Crown,
Till Time and Vengeance drag them headlong down,
And *Exil'd Monarchs* Reaſſert their rightful Throne.

No Conſtitution in the World can boaſt
A Scheme of Laws more Rational, more Juſt,
Than *England*'s are; where Sov'reign, Kingly ſway,
Is *mixt* and qualify'd with ſuch Ally,
That Free-born Subjects willingly Obey.
Nor yet ſo baſely *mixt*, as that our Kings
Are only Tools of State, and Pow'rleſs Things.
For tho, indeed, they can have no Pretence
With *Fundamental Contracts* to *Diſpence*,
(For that were Conqueſt) yet, thoſe Rights maintain'd,
Prerogative is High, and unreſtrain'd.
In equal Diſtance from Extremes we move,
No Tyranny, nor Commonwealth approve.
Nor Tyranny, that Savage Brutal Pow'r,
Which not protects Mankind, but does devour.
Nor Commonwealth, a Monſter, *Hydra* State,
Whoſe many Heads threaten each others Fate,
And load their Body with unweildy Weight.

But a Succeſſive Monarchy we own,
With all the Lawful Sanctions of a Crown.

Such

Such was our old Eſtabliſh'd *Engliſh* Frame,
Which might have flouriſh'd Ages yet the ſame,
But for this Envious Fiend; who ſtill prepares
To ſow the Seed of long Inteſtine Wars.

Near the Imperial Palace's Remains,
Where nothing now but Deſolation reigns;
(Fatal Preſage of Monarchy's decline,
And Extirpation of the Regal Line!)
There ſtands an Antique Venerable Pile, Northumberland house
Whoſe Lords were once the Glories of our Iſle:
But now it Mourns that Race of Heroe's dead,
And droops, and hangs its Melancholy Head.
This Pile (howe'er for better Ends deſign'd,
An Emblem of the Noble Founder's Mind)
Is *Faction's* Refuge; where ſhe keeps her Court,
Where all her darling Votaries Reſort.
Here, when their *glorious N*—— fell, they met Naſſau
On new Reſolves and Meaſures to Debate.

Say then, my Muſe, their ſecret Thoughts diſplay,
Expoſe their dark Deſigns to open Day.
This Grand *Caball* was held at dead of Night,
(For Ghoſts and Furies always ſhun the Light)
Deſpair, and Rage, and Sorrow kept 'em dumb,
Till *More* roſe (the Maſter of the Dome) Somerſett
A Stamm'ring, Hot, Conceited, laughing L——,
Who prov'd his want of Senſe in ev'ry word,

When hiſſing thus, his Fetter'd Tongue broke looſe;
'I take it as an Honour that you've Choſe
'For this Debate, your humble Servant's Houſe.
'The Houſe henceforward ſhall Recorded ſtand,
'As the *Palladium* of the ſinking Land;
'And I to future Ages be renown'd,
'The *Party*'s Bullwark, and the Nation's Mound.
Nassau 'Now *N*——, ——, the immortal *N*——'s gone,
'We juſtly his untimely Herſe Bemoan.
'O that I could reſtore his Life again!
'For who can bear a Woman's Servile Chain?
Full of ſuch Stuff, he would have giv'n it vent,
But that black *Ario's* Fierceneſs did prevent.
Burnet A *Scotch*, Sedirious, Unbelieving Prieſt,
The Brawny Chaplain of the *Calves-Head-Feaſt*:
Who firſt his Patron, then his Prince Betray'd,
And does that Church, he's Sworn to guard, Invade:
Warm with Rebellious Rage, he thus began;
'To talk of calling Life agen is vain.
'Peace to the *Glorious* dead. We juſtly mourn
'His Aſhes, ever Sacred be his Urn:
'But here, my L——, we are together met,
Anna, Winchester 'To vow to *A*——'s Sceptre endleſs Hate.
'For ſince my hope of *W*——*ton* is expir'd,
'With juſt Revenge and Indignation fir'd,
'I'll write, talk, and preach her Title down,
'My thund'ring Voice ſhall ſhake her in the Throne;
'Do you the Sword, and I'll eagage the Gown.

A Pauſe enſu'd, till *Patriarcho's* Grace,
Was pleas'd to rear his Huge unweildy Maſs;
A Maſs unanimated with a Soul,
Or elſe he'd ne're be made ſo vile a Tool;
He'd ne're his Apoſtolick Charge Prophane,
And *Atheiſts*, and * *Fanaticks* Cauſe maintain.
At length, as from the Hollow of an Oak,
The Bulky Primate Yawn'd, and Silence broke.
'I much approve my Brother's Zealous Heat,
'Such is the Noble Ardour of the Great,
'On which Succeſs and Praiſe will ever wait.
'But I'm untaught in Politicians Schools,
'Unpractic'd in their Arts and ſtudied Rules;
'By which they make the wiſeſt of us Fools.
'The Task be therefore yours, to Forge ſome Plot,
'And I'll be Ready with my truſty Vote,
'Nor e're give your Commands a Second Thought,
'Tho' I were Mute, you muſt confeſs I've Stood.
'Fixt as a Rock, amidſt the beating Flood.
'Witneſs St. *A——ph's*, and St. *D——d's* Cauſe,
'Where obſtinately I tranſgreſs'd the Laws,
'And did in either Caſe Injuſtice ſhow,
'Here ſav'd a Friend, there Triumph'd o're a Foe.
Then old *Myſterio* ſhook his Silver Hairs,
Loaded with Learning, Prophecy, and Years,
Whom Factious Zeal to fierce *Unchriſtian* Strife,
Had hurry'd in the laſt Extream of Life.

* *The* Maidſton *Lecture.*

Canterbury

Worcester

Strange

Strange Dotage! thus to Sacrifice his Eaſe,
When Nature whiſpers Men to Crown their days
With ſweet Retirement and Religious Peace!
Fore-knowledge ſtruggled in his heaving Breaſt,
E're he in theſe dark Terms his Fears expreſt.
The Stars rowl adverſe, and malignant ſhine,
'Some dire Portend! Some Comet I divine!
'I plainly in the *Revelations* find,
'That *A——* to the *Beaſt* will be inclin'd.
'Howe're, tho' She and all her Senate frown,
'I'll wage eternal War with *P——ton*,
'And venture Life and Fame to pull him down,
As he went on, his Tongue a trembling ſeis'd,
And all his Pow'r of Utterance ſuppreſs'd.
So when the *Sibyl* felt th' Inſpiring God,
She raving loſt her Voice, and Speechleſs ſtood.

Unhappy Church, by ſuch Uſurpers ſway'd!
How is thy Primitive Purity decay'd?
How are thy Prelates chang'd from what they were,
When *Laud* or *Sancroft* fill'd the Sacred Chair?
Laud, tho' by ſome traduc'd, with Zeal adorn'd,
Whilſt *Patriarchs* is deſpis'd and Scorn'd
Shall be by me for ever Prais'd, for ever Mourn'd.
Sancroft's unblemiſh'd Life, divinely pure,
In its own heav'nly innocence Secure,
The teeth of Time, the blaſts of Envy ſhall endure.

When

When for th' Eſtabliſh'd Faith they ſhould contend,
Meekneſs and Chriſtian Charity pretend;
But with a blind and unbecoming Rage,
For *Schiſm* and *Toleration* they engage;
With ſtrange Delight and Eagerneſs eſpouſe
Occaſional Conformiſts ſhameful Cauſe;
Oppreſs thy Friends and Vindicate thy Foes.
Thy guardian Laws to weaken they Combine,
And tamely thy Eſſential Rights reſign.
Thy ancient Truths with Modern Gloſſes blend,
Deſtroying the Religion they would mend.

So have they broke thy Pale and Fences down,
Such Arts have Chriſtianity o'erthrown:
For *Scepticiſm*, that now triumphant reigns,
Condemns her Captive to inglorious Chains,
Where She Forlorn, Contemn'd, Deſpairing lies,
Nor hopes a Refuge, but her Native Skies.

But Muſe proceed, nor dwell on thoughts too long
That would Inflame thy Satyrizing Song.
Clodio with kindling Emulation heard,
What this Triumvirate of Prieſts declar'd.
Clodio, the Chief of all the Rebel-Race,
Uncheck'd by Fear, unhumbled by Diſgrace;
Whoſe Working, Turbulent, Fanatick Mind
No Tenderneſs can move, no Ties can bind.
To gain a Rake he'll Drink, and Whore, and Rant,
T' engage a Puritan will Pray and Cant.

Wharton

So

So Satan can in diff'ring Forms appear,
Or Radient Light, or gloomy Darkness wear,
Thrice he Blasphem'd, and thrice he frantick Swore
By ev'ry Terrible Infernal Pow'r;
Then wav'd his Staff, and said:
'Tho *N*——'s Death has all our Measures broke,
'Yet never will we bend to *A*——'s Yoke.
'The glorious *Revolution* was in vain,
'If Monarchy once more its Rights regain.
'Let all be Chaos, and Confusion all,
'E're that damn'd form of Government prevail.
'O had he liv'd to Perfect his Design,
'We ne're had been Subjected to her Reign,
'But rooted out the *St*——rs hated Line!
'Howe're, since Fate has otherwise decreed,
'We may on his unfinish'd Scheme proceed.
'We may 'gainst Pow'r repos'd in One inveigh,
'And call all Monarchy Tyrannick Sway.
'We may the Praises of the *Dutch* advance,
'Rail at the Arbitrary Rule of *France*,
'Extol the Commonwealth in *Adria*'s Flood,
'Which for ten rowling Centuries has stood.
'Argue how th' *Roman*, and *Athenian* State,
'Were only when Republicks truly Great.
'Tis easy the Unreas'ning Mob to guide,
'For they are always on the Factious side.
'This labour'd here, 'twill be our next Resort,
'To Manage and Cajole *S*——'s Court.

Toland

'*Toland* alone for such a work is fit,
'In all the Arts of Villany Compleat.
'The *Scotch*, a Rough revolting, Stubborn kind,
'Have long at *England's* growing Pow'r repin'd.
'Nor need we, with unnecessary Care,
'Endeavour to foment Rebellion there.
'For scarce our N—'s Empire they endur'd, } Nassau
'Tho' he their antient Liberties restor'd,
'And murm'ring now they ask a foreign Lord.
'But (Health suppos'd) to *Ireland* I'll repair, * This Project was once Talk'd of.
'And right or wrong Usurp the Common's Chair;
'That Point once gain'd, we'll soon secure our Cause,
'Soon undermine our hot-brain'd towring Foes.
'At last I'll substitute some WEAK THY FRIEND, * The Perſon before Recommended, was living at the time of this Cabal.
'Who shall with Heat and Arrogance contend
'To thwart the Court in ev'ry just Command.
So *Cateline* the Fate of *Rome* design'd,
And when h' had form'd the Scheme within his mind,
In such a warm Harangue his Friends addrest,
And open'd all the Secret of his Breast.
This hit *Sigillo's* Thoughts, and made him cool, } Somers
Tho' just before he scarcely could Controul
The stormy Passion swelling in his Soul;
His restless Soul, that rends his sickly Frame,
Worn with a poys'nous and corroding Flame.
An unjust J—e, and blemish of the M— Mace judge
Witness the *Bankers* long depending Case.

A ſhallow Stateſman, tho' of mighty Fame,
For who can e're that curſt *Pol——n* name,
But to his foul Diſgrace, and to his Shame?
Beſides, in ſpight of all his loud Defence,
He ſhew'd a want of Honeſty or Senſe,
Impaſſing ev'ry Plund'ring Courtier's *Gravity*.
He is (for Satyr dares the Truth declare)
Deiſt, Republican, Adulterer.
Thus his lov'd *Cloelia*, for his Speech he prais'd,
And Joy and wonder in the Heavens rais'd.

'There ſpoke the Guardian Genius of our Cauſe,
'Whoſe ev'ry word deſerves divine Applauſe.
'Not ev'n * *Cethego's* ſelf could form a Plot,
'More nicely Sound, more ſubtilly wrought.
'Tho' he to his immortal envied Fame,
'The Glory of the Revolution claim.
'Twas his profound unfathomable Wit,
'Did *James* and all his *Jeſuit-traits* defeat.
'He knew Reveal'd Religion was a Jeſt,
'Impos'd upon the World by ſome deſigning Prieſt.
'Nor therefore fear'd, but to their Idols Bow'd,
'Prevaricating with his King, his God.
'A *Proteus* ever acting in Diſguiſe,
'A finiſh'd Stateſman, intricately Wiſe,
'A ſecond *Machiavel*, who ſoar'd above
'The little Tyes of Gratitude and Love.

Whoſe

* This Perſon here Repreſented, was living at the time of this Cabal.

C

'Whose harden'd Conscience never felt remorse,
'Reflection is the Puny Sinner's Curse.
'But why should I *Cethego*'s Praise pursue,
'When all his Vertues, *Cloato*, shine in you.
'You can another *Revolution* frame,
'The same your Principle, your Skill the same,
'Whilst then the wav'ring *Irish* are your care,
'Believe we'll use our utmost Efforts here,
'Nor time, nor Pains, nor Health, nor Money spare,
'*Cethego* in your Absence shall preside
'O're our Debates, and ev'ry Consult guide.
'Like the Supream directing hand of *Jove*,
'Shall sit unseen, and all around him move.
'I, as the Minister, in the Senate,
'Will find a way to sanctify our Cause,
'Will prove, in *Passive Jacobites* despight,
'Rebellion is a Freeborn Peoples Right.
'Then as we take our Circuits thro' the Land,
'We'll mould the Stern Freeholders to our Hand;
'Awe their Elections, and their Votes command,
'When with our Faithful City Friends we Dine,
'We'll mingle Treason with the flowing Wine.
'We'll plant in ev'ry Coffee-house a Spy,
'That boldly shall the Ministry decry;
'Shall Praise the past, the present Reign Condemn,
'And all their Measures, all their Councils Blame.
'Shall spread a thousand idle, groundless Tales,
'Of foreign Gold, the Pope, and P——ce of *W*——;

Wharton

Sunderland

prince of Wales

Shall never fail Objections ſtill to raiſe,
(Whatever is tranſacted with Succeſs
And turn their greateſt Honour to Diſgrace.
This Chimick Art, perverting Nature's Law,
From ſweeteſt Things will rankeſt Poyſons draw.

Devonshyre

Narciſſo next, Magnificently Gay,
Smil'd his Aſſent, but not a word would ſay.
He fear'd to ſtrain his Voice by Talking loud,
Nor was his Quail-pipe made for ſuch a Crowd.
A batter'd Beau, yet youthful in Decay,
Who Dreſſes Whores, and Games his Time away.
Fond of Sedition, but indulging Vice,
With all that Wealth, profuſely ſpent, ſupplies.
And yet this Debauchee pretends to claim
An injur'd Patriot's Meritorious Name.
Then ſqueal'd *Orlando*, but his furious Heat,
Shew'd him for cool mature Debates unfit.
Nor will we here the Bluſt'ring Speechrepeat,

Zolerbrong

A Bully L——, whoſe wild mad Looks proclaim
His Boſom warm'd with more than Heroe's Flame.
Fighting and Railing are his Chief Delight,
Promiſcuouſly oppoſing wrong and right.
What e're he does is always in Extreams,
Sometimes the *Whig*, ſometimes the *Tory* damns.
His various Temper and imperuous Mind,
To ev'ry Party is by Starts inclin'd.
He never was, nor e're will be Content:
With any Prince, with any Government.

Laſt,

Last rose *Bathillo*, deck'd with borrow'd Bays, Halifax
Renown'd for others Projects, others Lays.
A gay, pragmatical, pretending Tool,
Opinionatively wise, and pertly dull.
A Demy-Statesman, Talkative and Loud,
Hot without Courage, without Merit proud;
A Leader fit for the unthinking Crow'd
With dapper Gesture, but with haughty Look,
His lewd Associates vainly he bespoke.
'Do you perform the Politician's Part,
'I'll bring th' Assistance of the Muses Art;
'The Poet-Tribe are all at my Devoir,
'And write as I Command, as I inspire.
'C——g——ne for me *Posture's Death* did Mourn, Congreve
'*And her white Name with Sable Verse adorn.*
'*R*—too is mine, and of the *Whiggish* Train, Rowe
'Twas he that Sung immortal *Tamerlane*, Rymer
'Tho' now he dwindles to an humbler Strain. *The *Fair Penitent.*
'I help'd to Polish *G——th*'s rough, awkward Lays, Garth
'Taught him in Tuneful Lines to Sound our Party's praise.
'*W——sh* Votes with us, who, tho' he never write,
'Yet passes for a Critick and a Wit.
'*Van's* Bawdy, Plotless Plays were once our Boast,
'But now the Poet's in the Builder lost.
'On *A——son* we safely may depend, Addison
'A Pension never fails to gain a Friend.
'Thro' *Alpine hills* he shall my Name resound,
'And make his Patron known in *Glassick Ground.*

These

'These pay the Tribute to my Merit due,
'Call me their *Horace*, and *Mecænas* too.
'Princes but sit unsettled on their Thrones,
'Unless supported by *Apollos* Sons.
'*Augustus* had the *Mantuan*, and *Venusian* Muse,
'And happier *N*——had his *M*——*gues*.
'But *A*——, that ill-fated Tory Queen,
'Shall feel the Vengeance of the Poets Pen.

Triton, who like the vast *Leviathan*,
Long wallow'd in the Treasures of the Main.
Was all Attention, and suspended hung,
For ev'ry Rebel-heart has not a Tongue.
Besides, there stood a Num'rous Train of P——,
Below the Notice of Recording Verse.
Beaus, Biters, Pathicks, B——rs and Cits,
Tostors, Kit-Kats, Divines, Buffoons and Wits
Compos'd the Medly Crew; but I forbear
To give 'em any Place, or Mention here,
For since the Muse would Blush to paint their Crimes,
Let Decency restrain th' Invective Rhimes.

When thus their Chiefs had spoke, thro' all the Throng
Repeated Peals of Acclamations rung.
Not antient *Demagogues*, with more Applause,
Asserted, and Espous'd the Rabble's Cause.

Now

Now the Assembly to adjourn prepar'd,
When *Bibliopolo* from behind appear'd,
As well describ'd by th' old Satyrick Bard;
With leering Looks, Bulfac'd, and Freckled fair,
With two left Legs, and Judas-colour'd Hair,
With Frowzy Pores, that taint the ambient Air
Sweating and Puffing for a while he stood,
And then broke forth in this Insulting Mood.
'I am the Touchstone of all Modern Wit,
'Without my Stamp in vain your Poets write.
'Those only purchase everliving Fame,
'That in my Miscellany plant their Name.
'Nor therefore think that I can bring no Aid,
'Because I follow a Mechanick Trade,
'I'll print your Pamphlets, and your Rumours spread.
'I am the Founder of your lov'd *Kit-Kat*,
'A Club that gave Direction to the State.
'Twas there we first instructed all our Youth,
'To talk Prophane and Laugh at Sacred Truth.
'We taught them how to Toast, and Rhime, and Bite,
'To Sleep away the Day, and drink away the Night.
Some this Fantastick Speech approv'd, some Sneer'd,
The wight grew Cholerick, and disappear'd,
Mean time the Fury smil'd, who all this while
Sat hov'ring on the Summet of the Pile.
A secret and exulting Joy she finds,
To see her Influence brooding on their Minds;

And

And the bare prospect of such Noble Ills
Her thoughts with rapt'rous Speculations fills.
Then She—

'With what delight do I my Sons behold,
'So resolutly Brave, so fiercely Bold,
'Sure nothing can resist their boundless Course,
'Nothing subdue their well united Force.
'*Vulpone*, who will solely now command
'The Publick Purse, and T—s—e of the Land,
'Wants Constancy and Courage to oppose,
'A Band of such exasperated Foes.
'For how should he, that moves by Craft and Fear,
'Or ever greatly think, or ever greatly dare?
'What did he e're in all his Life perform,
'But shrunk at the approach of ev'ry Storm;
'But when the tott'ring Church his aid requir'd,
'With *Moderation-Principles* Inspir'd,
'Forsook his Friends, and decently Retir'd.
'Nor has he any real just Pretence
'To that vast Depth of Politicks and Sense.
'For where's the Depth, when Publick Credit's high,
'To manage an o'reflowing T—s—y
'Or where the Sense to know the Tricks of Game,
'Since *S—m s*, *Sir Ja—es*, and *H—l—way* may claim,
'A Knowledge as profound as his, as loud a Fame?
'I fear the Man, who dares the Truth assert,
'Who never plays the Double-dealing Part;
'The Patriot's Soul disdains the Trimmer's Art.

Such

'Such *Celsus* is, but I foresee his Fate
'To be supplanted by *Sempronia*'s Hate,
'(*Sempronia* of a Lewd *procuring* Race,
'The Senate's Grievance, and the Court's Disgrace.)
'Tis well he cannot long his Ground maintain,
'For Hell wou'd then employ her Fiend in vain.
'He never knew to Prostitute the State,
'Never by being Guilty to be Great.
'Nor yet when publick Storms came rowling on,
'Did he or Danger or his Duty shun.
'*Rome*'s subtile Priests with Sophistry essay'd,
'With Wealth and Honour in the Ballance lay'd,
'To shock his Faith; but nothing could controul
'The firm Resolves of his unbyas'd Soul,
'True to his Conscience, as the Needle to the Pole.
'Ally'd in Blood and Friendship to the Throne,
'He nobly makes his Country's Cause his own.
'Whilst others keep their int'rest still in view,
'And meaner Spirits meaner ends pursue.
'So the fixt Stars harmoniously comply
'With the *first Publick Motion* of the Sky,
'Whilst wand'ring Planets oppositely move
'Within the narrow Orbs of *private* Love.
She stopp'd — for now her Anger'gan to rise,
Fluth'd in her Cheeks, and spark'l'd in her Eyes,
And well it might a Fury's Passion raise,
That she was forc'd the Worth, she hates, to Praise.
The Dawn dispers'd the Crowd, she took her flight
To the low Regions of Eternal Night.

O *England* how revolving is thy State?
How few thy Bleſſings? how ſevere thy Fate?
O deſtin'd Nation, to be thus betray'd
By thoſe, whoſe Duty 'tis to ſerve and aid!
A griping vile degen'rate viper Brood,
That rear thy Vitals, and exhauſt thy Blood,
A varying Kind, that no fixt Rule purſue,
But often form their Principles anew;
Unknowing where to lodge ſupreme Command,
Or in the King, or Peers, or People's hand,
One while the People's Sov'raignty they own,
To vex and load a Peaceful Monarch's Crown;
Who to his Subjects when at length *Reſtor'd*,
Without Diſtinction was their common Lord.
What Party elſe to *David*'s happy Throne,
Would have preſer'd a giddy *Abſalon*?
But when a King is moulded to their Mind,
Then they to him would have all ſway confin'd,
Nor in their own deſpotick boundleſs Reign,
Of Injur'd Rights, and *Property* complain:
Nay with a *Standing Force* thy Sons wou'd awe,
The Subjects Slavery, the Tyrant's Law.
But if nor King nor Commons will comply
With their deteſted Acts of Villany.
They ſtrive the Peers declining Pow'r to raiſe,
And get *Impeachments* voted into Praiſe.
Bleſt Patriots theſe, who Liberty employ,
To elude thy Laws, and Liberty deſtroy!

Where

Where is the Noble *Roman* Spirit fled,
Which once inspir'd thy antient Patriots dead?
Who were above all private Ends, and joy'd,
When bravely for the publick Weal they dy'd:
Who spread, like Branching Oaks, their Arms around,
To shelter and Protect the Parent Ground;
Tho' Storms of Thunder rattl'd o're their Head,
Yet all was safe beneath their Guardian Shade.
Or sure Historians on our Faith impose,
And never such a Race of Men arose;
Or Nodding Nature to a Period draws;
Or Providence, incens'd by Guilty Times,
With-holds his Grace, and dooms us to our Crimes.

Pardon (for Harmony will bring Relief,
Will sooth thy anxious Cares, and charm thy Grief.)
If my Condoling mournful Muse Presume
To visite thy *Marcellus* Sacred Tomb.
For his Hereditary Gifts alone
Could have *Retriev'd* thy Fame, and carried down
The Glorious Scene of Triumphs *Anna* has begun.
Delay thy Angel Guard her Royal Mind,
That *Favorites* nor Seduce, nor *Trimmers* Blind.
For 'tis on Her thy Church and State depend,
With Her will Flourish, and with Her will End.
But my shok'd Thoughts the sad Idea shun,
(The sad Idea gives Eternal Moan)

When she shall lose, but ah too soon comply
With Nature, to Adorn her Kindred Sky,
For who can then pretend to wear her Crown?
Who represent his Mother, but the Son?
O! had the Pow'r, that governs humane Fate,
His years extended to a longer Date,
To what transcendence had his Genius sprung,
Which was so Ripe, so Perfect, yet so Young!
But when fresh blooming Youth seem'd to proclaim
The lasting Structure of his Beauteous Frame,
When Health and Vigour with a kind presage,
Promis'd the hoary happiness of Age,
Then with a Momentary swift decay
Thy Pride, thy darling Hope was snatch'd away.
So, by the Course of the revolving Sphears,
When ere a new discover'd Star appears;
Astronomers with Pleasure and Amaze
Upon the Infant Luminary gaze,
They find their Heav'n enlarg'd, and wait from thence
Some Blest, some more than common Influence,
But suddenly alas! the fleeting Light
Retiring leaves their Hopes involv'd in endless Night.

FINIS.